Numb. 85.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat ?

From Wednesday January 18, to Friday January 20, 1710.

Emilia's Day.

TO perform our promise, and Answer your Letter of *Friday* last, we must tell you, *Sir*, we find your Inclinations are very extensive, and there is something particular in your Address that points directly on *Hibernia*, and shows us what Country we are obliged to for the Production of such an Able Bodied Warriour: Had there been so many infallible Marks of the Incomparable *Homer*, there had been no room left for Dispute.—— You desire to know if we are Maids, Wives or Widows, to which I answer—— We are all Maids, but I doubt all out of the Latitude of your Pretentions: Some of us are Young and Handsome, but no Gold, Dear Sir.—— Some well Shap'd and Witty, but horridly Proud, and cou'd no more live upon half Matters than your self.—— Some very Rich, but very Cunning, not part with a Shilling without a valuable Consideration. Now if you cou'd have brought Five Hundred Acres, besides fine Country Seats, with Gardens, Parks and Mannors, instead of Landresses, Serjeants Ladies and Burghers Daughters, to vouch for your Abilities, you had done your Business effectually.—— For every body likes your Picture, and we cou'd set it rest in the Frame of Levity too, were there Gold enough to set it off; but the Mischief on't is, we are all a little Whimsically inclind to like that shining Mettle in our Pockets, more than upon the outside of a Husband; nay, some of us are so tastless, as to declare openly, that the plainer the Man the finer the Wife, and have taken a Resolution not to Marry any thing with a Lac'd Coat, or full Wig. Realy, *Sir*, I pity those Brave Men of the Sword, whose Fortunes depend on a Fan; and to take the Air upon *Hounslow*, or *Bagshot Heath*, for ought I know, wou'd be the best Reselution of the two, since Hanging and Marrying are twin Sisters of Destiny, and 'tis but a Cast of a Dye which is the happier Fate.—— Pray don't think I give this advice out of Spleen or Contempt of your Person, or Parts, but on the contrary I assure you, I am noted in our Society for my liking a Soldier; therefore when they had all declared their Minds, they gave Commission to me only, to return you this Answer. I wou'd have declin'd it, for I hate to be the Messenger of Ill News, especially to a Handsome Man; and I must own I have form'd such an Idea of you, that it was not without some Reluctance that I obey'd; but e'er I begun, I took an opportunity to Visit all my Acquaintance, and read your Letter wherever I came, hoping some lucky Chance might offer to do you Service; but I found the Widows, tho' out of our Class, still in the same Lesson, Joyntures and Settlements! I pleaded the Services you had done Abroad.—— They answer'd, the Taxes they had paid at Home were sufficient. I enlarg'd upon the Merit of your Person.—— They upon their Estates.—— So that one might as soon reconcile Contradictions, as bring them to a right Understanding —— They were all meer Pagans, except one, who indeed was so Generous to desire me to let you know she felt a Tenderness for you, and I confess I believe she was real, for she melted into Tears as soon as she heard your Letter, and cry'd, Poor Gentleman, he deserves our Pity, he shall not Languish, I'll relieve him; pray Mrs. *Emilia*, says she, let him into the Particulars of my Mind, with those of my Estate: I have you know, Five Hundred a Year, besides Ten Thousand Pound in the *Exchequer*, and some Old Bags in the bottom of my Coffer, which, according as he behaves himself, may fall to his Share. My Age is but Seventy Seven, but you need say nothing of that; for I think you will own, that if I had but a new Set of Teeth, which upon this Occasion I design to get, that I don't look to be above Fifty, and you see the Gentleman has no Aversion for Fifty by his Letter.—— Here I in favour of you again, objected against a Salt Rheum which fell continually from her Eyes, which she kept wiping away with a piece of Green Silk; but she assur'd me, Sir *W*—— *R*—— had promis'd to remove that in Ten Days time: She has a kind of *Palsie* on one side too, but Doctor *G*—— prescribes a Husband just about your Years, as an infallible Ingredient to prevent her Shaking; but tho I remember you declar'd against Threescore, yet to oblige the Widow, and leave you to the Choice of making your Fortune, I have faithfully given you an Account of my Proceedings thus far: It rests now in your Breast, whether you will lay a help in Hand towards her Cure, a Soldier must in his Life have done some Duty against his Will, for a Brown George and Cup of Water; then if you refuse a Post which will bring *Partridges* and *Burgundy* to Dinner every Day in the Year, you have too much *Philosophy* to fear a Peace; weigh this Matter well, and know me for your Friend. Let me have your Answer, and I'll quickly send you word where the Lady lives. In the mean time let me intreat you, not to think of Wives, it may be of Evil Consequence, and very pernitious to the good of the Common Wealth, by sowing the Seeds of War that may raise up a Mutinous Generation, to the utter Destruction of that Peace we now hope for, tho according to *Dryden*, *Absolom* and *Achitophel*, Bastards are always the Bravest Men, yet it has been observ'd never to load *England* Good: Thus far by way of advice, and now I am, *Sir*, your most humble Servant.

Mr.

Mr *A. H.* We have but one in our Society that underſtands *Aſtrology*, well enough to Calculate Nativities, and ſhe has been in the Stars up to the Elbows, but I can't feel any good Fortune for you. Firſt, ſhe drew a Scheme, and erected the Figures in the uſual Form, thinking the common way might do; but finding her Miſtake, immediately call'd for a Telleſcope, and levell'd it right upon the Milky Way, ſuppoſing that Place the moſt likely to trace the Footſteps of Love, and diſcover the Inclinations of our Sex; but of a ſudden, ſhe ſaid, a thick wrought ſullen Cloud, which ſhe is poſſitive proceeded from your baſhfulneſs, ſcreen'd it from her view, and left her in the dark; ſhe is ſometimes of an Opinion your Birth was unlucky, and 'tis impoſſible to remove the Curſe that one brings into the World. Wherefore her advice is, ſince the Planets refuſe the Solution of your Fate, that you would apply your ſelf to ſome well skill'd in Negromancy, to ſee if their Art can fetch it from below; but if you ſhou'd not approve of that, then ſhe Councils you to pluck up a Courage, go and Viſit the Lady, and boldly tell your Pain: You ſeem to hint, that you underſtand the Language of the Eye, joyn to that the Language of the Tongue, talk much, no matter what you ſay, ſo that you do but embelliſh it with Flame, Darts, uneaſineſs Awake, and Dreams of her when a Sleep; Ply her with theſe when preſent, and with Letters when abſent. If your Genius don't lye to Writing, there are thoſe that do, and for a Couple of Guineas may be procur'd to furniſh you with *Billet Doux* for a Week; Waſt her in all Companies, and be ſure to bribe the Chamber-Maid well, as the readieſt way to the Heart of her Miſtreſs. If this way fails, there are ſeveral ways out of the World, beſides that of a Piſtol: You may take your Choice, for we cannot poſitively tell whether there be any Parallel to that Beauty you ſo much admire, without you had ſent her Name, and the Hour of her Birth; tho this we dare affirm, that if theſe Methods does not gain her Affections, ſhe has not her Fellow on this ſide the *Alps*; therefore you may prepare for Travel as ſoon as you pleaſe.

†*† *There is now in the Preſs, and will ſpeedily be publiſh'd, the Art of keeping a Secret, very uſeful for* Beaus *and* Women; *eſpecially ſome that have loſt the Retentive Faculty, and drops their Copies of their Clandeſtine Works out of their Pockets, on purpoſe to diſcover the Author accidentally.*

†‡† *Near* Paul's *Cathedral, is a very fair Female Tenement to be Let, well in Repair, at Three every Afternoon you may have a ſight of it; you'll know the Houſe by the Bill upon the Front, it has been juſt Ten Days Empty; ſo that whoever takes it will find it warm, and well order'd.*

Loſt from behind a Gentleman's Coach Four Footmen, *whoever finds them are deſir'd to ſend them into the Service, the Gentleman to whom they belong'd, having no farther occaſion for them.*

†‡† *This is to give Notice to the Young Goldſmith, (no matter whether near* Lombard-ſtreet *or* Temple Bar) *who manages his Old Maſter's Buſineſs in the Day time and his own at Night, that he is much laugh'd at by the Neighbourhood, for taking ſuch uncommon Pains in tilling a barren Soil.*

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†‡† A Brief Account of the Woollen Manufactory of England, with Relation to the Prejudice it receives by the Clandeſtine Exportation of Wool from Ireland into France. To which is added, an Appendix. Sold by Dryden Leach, in Elliot's Court in the Little Old Baily. Pr. 1 s.

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†‡† Marten's 6th Edition with great Additions of the Secret Diſeaſe, ſo very terrible if neglected, or ill manag'd; diſcovering each particular Symptom, ſo as any one may know whether affected or not, its Nature, Conſequence, and true way of Cure, without hazard of Reputation and Life in the Hands of Quacks and Pretenders Illuſtrated with many remarkable Obſervations, Hiſtories of Cures, Letters &c. ſetting forth the miſerable weakneſſes, and other Indiſpoſitions in both Sexes, from the Diſeaſe and ill Cures. By John Marten Surgeon, Pr. 4 s. Sold by N. Crouch, in the Poultry, J. Knapton in St Paul's Church-yard, P. Varenne in the Strand, and at the Authors Houſe in Hatton Garden.

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THe Fam'd Chymical Gargle for the Mouth, Teeth and Gums, ſo delightful to eaſe, that 'tis acceptable to the niceſt Perſon, and indeed for the pleaſantneſs, ſafety and Effects, the like was never known or made uſe of; it makes the Teeth as white as Ivory, faſtens them when looſe, kills the Worms at their Roots, and preſerves them good and firm, even to Old Age; it perfectly cures the Scurvy, Eroſion, and bleeding of the Gums, cauſing the Fleſh to grow to Admiration where 'tis eaten away, and ſecures them from that Pain; by waſhing the Mouth with it every Morning, it makes the moſt Offenſive Breath ſo ſweet, as that, its admired by all, and ſpeedily cures all Diſtempers in the Mouth in Old or Young, whether Soreneſs, Heat, Bliſtering, Rawneſs. Ulcer, Thraſh, Cankers, &c (which laſt its wonderfully fam'd for) the falling down of the Pallat, Almonds of the Ears, and all ſorts of Sore Throats, whether Swellings, Inflammations, Quinſeys, &c: either from Cold, ſharp Humours, or both. To be had only at Jacobs Coffee-Houſe againſt the Angel and Crown in Threadneedle ſtreet near the Royal Exchange, at 2 s. 6 d. the Bottle ſealed up with Directions.

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